

Iron County Register

BY ELLI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

ENGLISH WIVES.

They are lamentably ignorant of their husband's incomes.

It is clear that the English middle class marriage most differs from the French marriage of the same class in the unwillingness of the English husband to sink any of his own individuality in the union and to make his wife a real partner. For example, some writers seem to hold that husbands do not and ought not to tell their wives their incomes. This is, we believe, in accordance with the facts. The middle class English wife knows very little, often nothing, of her husband's affairs, and is quite in the dark as to what is the pecuniary position of the family. She knows that her husband is sometimes willing to spend, sometimes unwilling; that is all. The French wife, on the other hand, if we are to believe competent writers on France, habitually understands her husband's pecuniary position, and would consider herself grossly slighted if he did not explain to her in detail the deal of the extravagance and waste of knowledge as to the value of money attributed to—English wives.

English husbands to often tell their wives nothing definite as to their incomes, and thus the wife has no means of knowing whether she must keep rigidly to her housekeeping allowance, or whether she may occasionally go a little beyond. A proof of the commonness of the practice is to be found in the fact that the manuals on housekeeping always begin by telling the wife she is quite ignorant of her husband's income and has no responsibility in regard to expenditures outside her own departments.

Another bad result of this system is the complete ignorance of money matters displayed by the English widow. When the husband has been an ordinary wife finds herself utterly at sea. She does not even know how to draw a check. She does not understand why, when or how dividends are paid, and she has not the remotest conception of what is a good and what is a bad investment. How should she know? Her husband has been at no pains to explain things to her, and she has lived on the principle enunciated by the old gentleman in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle." She never wore out a dress without an obliging remark being made to her, and as for food of all kinds, it flowed into the house just as if it was laid on like gas and water.

Yet the average woman can learn to understand money matters quite as well as the average man. Unfortunately, the husband, by his jealousy of his power to tell his wife his exact financial position, while the wife is too shy to insist on knowing, or very possibly regards it as quite a virtue not to interfere with such things. The consequences are often disastrous. Many a household would be thrifly instead of extravagantly if the husband would tell his wife his income, while hundreds of widows would be saved from countless worries and impositions if they realized more of the ways of money.

English wives will not be perfect till their husbands share with them the mysteries of the passbook.—London Spectator.

THE RAINBOW.

Curious Fancies in Regard to the Great Arch of the Heavens.

In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as being a great evil, and in some it is considered a good omen. In the Arabian tale, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means, and parts of Russia, in the Don country, and also in Moscow and vicinity, it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water pipe." In nearly all Slavonic dialects it is known by terms signifying "the cloud siphon," and in Hungary it is "the pump." "Noah's pump" and God's pump. The Mayan natives call it the same name that they do their banded water cobra (necotheta), only that they add "boba" (meaning double-headed), the equivalent in our language being "the double-headed water snake." They tell you that the bow is a real thing of life, that it drinks with its two mouths, and that the water is transferred to the clouds through an opening in the upper side of the center of the great arch. In the province of Charkov, Russia, the rainbow is said to drain the wells, and to prevent this many are provided with heavy, tight-fitting stone platforms. In the province of Saratov the bow is said to be under the control of three spirits, one of whom pumps the water, the second "feeds" the clouds and the third sends the rain. Many improbable and impossible things would happen if you could only get in reach of "the bow." The little Turk is told that if he would have a silver head with gold teeth and ruby eyes he has but to touch the orange stripe. In Greece they say that the person so unfortunate as to stumble over the end of the bow will have his or her sex immediately changed.—St. Louis Republic.

A Poor Investment.

"No sir," said Mr. Closefast, "I will not subscribe to any memorial for Columbus; and I wish to say that it is most unwise and even criminal to hold up the character of that man for the emulation of our American youth. Why, sir, that man started an enterprise at a cost of forty thousand dollars that ended in a complete failure. You take forty thousand dollars, sir, and compute interest at six per cent, per annum, compounded annually, and tell me what it will amount to at the end of four hundred years. Nearly seven hundred billion dollars, sir—more than all the personal and real estate in North and South America is worth, sir, and yet there are I understand, men who are otherwise esteemed prudent and careful, who pretend to honor the memory of a man, sir, who started an enterprise that won't pay six per cent, dividend, sir. A disgraceful failure, sir. Good-morning, sir!"—Puck.

—Misunderstood. — Brown—"Where were you last night?" Jones—"Out making calls." Brown—"Ah! How much out? What did the other fellow hold?"—Detroit Free Press.



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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"That's quite possible, mademoiselle. My father and myself, like several of our ancestors, were born in a British colony, yet we came of an ancient and illustrious English family."

"And you think Mme. Bonaparte will use her influence in favor of M. de Gex?"

"I think if she would receive me I could persuade her to do so; and her husband is very powerful."

"He is our best general. He is the greatest man in France. Yes, it is possible that if Gen. Bonaparte were to interfere, the sentence of M. de Gex might be revoked."

"And you will help me in this, will you not, mademoiselle? Beautiful women always have good hearts, and it is a good cause. Think of his poor mother and sister."

"He has a sister, then? Is she very charming?"

"Probably. But as I never saw her, I cannot tell. Before to-day I never saw the chevalier."

"And you are taking all this trouble for a stranger?"

"I would do a great deal, mademoiselle, to save a brave man from the scaffold. You will convey this letter to Mme. Bonaparte, will you not?"

"You will do me a great favor, monsieur," she murmured.

"You would confer on me an obligation which I should never be able to repay," I answered, as I pressed her hand.

"Then I will send—no, I will take this letter to Mme. Bonaparte, give it into her own hand, and ask for an answer."

"Thanks, mademoiselle—a thousand thanks! You are good; you have a true woman's heart; I shall never forget your kindness."

Again I kissed her hand; and her lips looked so tempting that I was just going when the stupid warden opened the door and informed me that the half hour was up.

CHAPTER IV.

De Gex and myself could not well keep ourselves to ourselves all the day; the moment would have been suspicious, our other comrades offended; so we joined in some of their games, and made ourselves agreeable by pledging them in our wine and treating them to bad cigars.

After supper we were marched off to our cells.

"You see there is no answer to your letter," whispered the chevalier, deponently, in English, as we parted for the night.

"Time enough yet. Don't worry yourself, my dear sir. I shall have an answer in the morning, and I am sure it will be favorable," I whispered back, with considerably more confidence than I felt, for if Mlle. Carmine had been as good as her word there was no reason why I should not have had Mme. Bonaparte's reply in the course of the day.

However, there was nothing for it but to wait for what the morning might bring forth; and, deterring inspection of my quarters until daylight, for the very sufficient reason that I had no candle, I turned in, and in a few seconds was fast asleep.

I awoke with the sun, and looked round me. For a prisoner my room was by no means bad. It had a vaulted ceiling, a window barred on the outside, and an oaken-bound door. The furniture consisted of a table, two chairs, a washstand and a trundle-bed.

When I had dressed I put a couple of feet of the morning paper on the table, and looked out. Below me was the courtyard and the gloomy entrance to the prison. Beyond the gates I spied a picturesque little house and a pleasant garden, in which two women were walking. Their gait and their figure told me they were young, and I hoped they were pretty.

After awhile they turned their faces towards the prison, whereupon I put one of my hands through the bars and waved my pocket handkerchief.

Women have always a kindly feeling for prisoners and captives; and it had come into my mind that the young lady in my appeal to Mme. Bonaparte being unsuccessful these young ladies might help me to escape.

To my great delight, one of them acknowledged my greeting with a friendly wave of her hand and a graceful courtesy; and I was considering how I could arrange a code of signals, when I heard a clatter of wooden shoes on the corridor. I was on the floor in an instant, and when the warden entered he found everything in its place.

"Bonjour, citoyen," he said. "I come to take you to breakfast; and here is a bit of paper for you."

The bit of paper was a note from Mlle. Carmine, and ran thus: "I only succeeded in seeing Mme. Bonaparte last night. She read your letter, and I dare say you will hear from her during the day. J. W. E."

As I read it I thought of the poor chevalier.

"How is Citizen Gex this morning—still alive?" I asked the warden, anxiously.

"Alive? Ah, I understand. The head of Citizen Gex is still on his shoulders. Allons!"

After breakfast I showed the chevalier Mlle. Carmine's letter.

"It is well," he said, with a smile, yet half sadly; "well for you, whatever it may be for me."

"And why is it not well for you?"

"Time presses, my friend. I have had a hint that to-morrow or the next day—"

"I shall see Mme. Bonaparte to-day, and when she knows the facts I am sure she will intercede for you."

"In Mme. Bonaparte is my only hope. From all I hear of him, Bonaparte is not tender-hearted. But his wife is, and she has great influence—especially with Barras, who, they say, was once her lover and is still her obedient servant. And you seem to be very successful with the ladies. Here is Mlle. Carmine, whom you saw for the first time yesterday, sending you confidential notes and signing herself 'Julie.'"

"She is moved with compassion for you, chevalier, and would save your life."

"Seeing that I have been here a month, her compassion comes rather late. No, Mr. Roy, she is moved by your bright blue eyes and ruddy countenance."

"You are right. It is audacity that wins. L'audace, toujours l'audace, as Danton said. But they say you played the spy and were in league with the royalists."

"They say what is not true, then. I

"Perhaps both. Nous verrons. In either case you will need to be very diplomatic. Sailors are naturally outspoken. But French society is just now in a very strange condition. Everybody is watched, or suspected, by some other body; and if you come in contact with Bonaparte and his entourage you must think before you speak, and let your wit bridle your tongue."

"You think I shall meet Gen. Bonaparte, then?"

"Certainly, if you go to his house."

"I should like to see him very much. He is the first general in France, don't you think?"

"Say in Europe—and the strongest man, the only man who can restore royalty and give peace to France. The royalists have great hopes of him."

And then the chevalier proceeded to give me a detailed account of French politics, of the jealousies that prevailed among the members of the directory, of the intrigues that were going on under the surface, and of the evils under which the country groaned, and which in his opinion could be cured only by giving it a monarch.

"I was trying to suppress a yawn, for at that time French politics did not interest me much, when a hand was laid lightly on my shoulder.

"Turning round, I found myself in the presence of Citizen Carmine, the governor of the prison, and a gentleman in military uniform.

"I beg your pardon, Citizen Roy," said the governor, respectfully, "but here is the Capitaine Lacuse, aide-de-camp of Gen. Bonaparte. He desires to speak to you."

"Not that the governor, though he remained within half left to ourselves, as did also De Gex.

Capt. Lacuse bowed, I bowed, and each protested that he was delighted to make the other's acquaintance.

"This ceremony over, the captain explained that he came to see Mlle. Bonaparte, who sent her compliments and would be glad to see me at her house."

"London! One forgets things in so many years, but I was under the impression that the captain, who was married a gentleman from Louisiana—or was it Virginia?"

"You are Americans, then?" interposed Bonaparte.

"No, they are just as people born in France are European. But we always call ourselves Virginians."

"How comes it that you, a native of the United States, are an officer of the British navy?"

"I belong to an old royalist family, general. Loyalty runs in our blood. My father's grandfather, who commanded a regiment of horse at Marston Moor, went to Virginia after the execution of King Charles, and settled there. When the revolutionary war broke out, my father, though he disapproved of many of the measures of the home government, remained loyal to his principles and loyal to his king. But as he could not bring himself to fight against his friends and neighbors, and was more over getting into years, he went to England, and when I was old enough put me into the navy."

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"Not at all, general. I deemed it a little while ago, madame."

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"With pleasure, madame; and if you would enable me to see her by using your influence to obtain my exchange, you would confer a great favor on us both."

"So! You are tired of France already?" said Bonaparte, rather harshly, as I thought.

"I am tired of inactivity, and one does not see much of France in the Albays."

"You like active service?"

"Of course."

"But yours is the wrong service. It is not for these English, who wronged your country and would crush you, and a French mother should be fighting. Listen! I am not the government of France, but I have influence, and those whom I protect are sure to rise. The French navy has need of men who don't count odds, even though they are two hundred against twenty. That was a glorious exploit of yours at Havre the other day. I can admire great qualities even in an enemy. But why are an enemy? Join our navy. You shall be made full captain at once and

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When he was gone the servant ushered me into a salon, and, after inviting me to be seated and saying that he would inform Mme. Bonaparte of my arrival, left me to myself.

It was a large room and handsomely furnished, and on the walls hung several fine paintings, which I fancied the general had brought with him from Italy.

While I was looking at one of them—a battle scene, if I remember rightly—I heard the door open, and a gentleman dressed in some sort of civic uniform. He had a sallow skin and sunken cheeks; his dark hair, long at the back, cut short in front and plastered on his forehead with pomatum. This gave him a singular and almost a sinister look; but he had square jaws and a resolute mouth, wonderfully well-cut features, and the most piercing black eyes I ever saw. In person he was insignificant, his meager little body and short neck contrasting strangely with his large head and dark powerful face.

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"With pleasure, madame; and if you would enable me to see her by using your influence to obtain my exchange, you would confer a great favor on us both."

"So! You are tired of France already?" said Bonaparte, rather harshly, as I thought.

"I am tired of inactivity, and one does not see much of France in the Albays."

"You like active service?"

"Of course."

"But yours is the wrong service. It is not for these English, who wronged your country and would crush you, and a French mother should be fighting. Listen! I am not the government of France, but I have influence, and those whom I protect are sure to rise. The French navy has need of men who don't count odds, even though they are two hundred against twenty. That was a glorious exploit of yours at Havre the other day. I can admire great qualities even in an enemy. But why are an enemy? Join our navy. You shall be made full captain at once and

When we arrived at Gen. Bonaparte's house, Capt. Lacuse knocked at the door, and, after whispering something in the ear of the servant who opened it, went away, saying that he would return in an hour.

When he was gone the servant ushered me into a salon, and, after inviting me to be seated and saying that he would inform Mme. Bonaparte of my arrival, left me to myself.

It was a large room and handsomely furnished, and on the walls hung several fine paintings, which I fancied the general had brought with him from Italy.

While I was looking at one of them—a battle scene, if I remember rightly—I heard the door open, and a gentleman dressed in some sort of civic uniform. He had a sallow skin and sunken cheeks; his dark hair, long at the back, cut short in front and plastered on his forehead with pomatum. This gave him a singular and almost a sinister look; but he had square jaws and a resolute mouth, wonderfully well-cut features, and the most piercing black eyes I ever saw. In person he was insignificant, his meager little body and short neck contrasting strangely with his large head and dark powerful face.

"Who are you?" he asked, abruptly, almost rudely indeed.

"Lieut. Roy, late his Britannic majesty's ship Sylph, now a prisoner of war."

"Why are you in Paris?"

"I was sent here from Havre, I believe by order of the government."

"Ah! I think I have heard something about you. You are the man who tried to cut out Le Bonnet Rouge from under the guns of a heavily armed fort."

"I did not hear of it, and if it had not been for a sudden change of wind I should have carried her off. But I did nearly as well—threw all her guns overboard and ran her aground."

I knew, of course, that I was talking to Gen. Bonaparte, and I guessed that he knew all about me; but, as he evidently desired to keep his incognito, I thought it expedient to fall in with his whim, and make as if I did not recognize him.

"How many men had you?"

"Twenty."

"And the brig?"

"Her full complement would be about two hundred."

"And yet you dared to attack her with twenty?"

"Why not? If you begin to count odds in war you will do nothing. If Clive had counted odds at Plassey the English would never have won India; if your Gen. Bonaparte had counted odds at Arocha he would not have conquered Italy."

"You are right. It is audacity that wins. L'audace, toujours l'audace, as Danton said. But they say you played the spy and were in league with the royalists."

"They say what is not true, then. I

merely reconnoitred the harbor in a fishing-boat; while the royalists I know nothing whatever; and we have had no communication with the shore except openly and under a flag of truce."

"Well, I only tell you what I have heard. How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"You are very young to be a first lieutenant and intrusted with an independent command."

"Youth is no more a bar to promotion in our navy than in your army. Mlle. Carmine is still under thirty."

"Mlle. Carmine! young man, you are indeed audacious to compare yourself with Bonaparte and Nelson."</